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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 9).

Boltingen, August 7, 1831.

Evening. Out there it lightens and thunders terribly, and moreover rains hard; in the mountains one learns to respect the weather. I have come no farther, because it would have been a pity to walk through the lovely Simmenthal under an umbrella. It was a grey day, but the forenoon was beautifully cool for walking; the valley at Saanen, and the whole route is indescribably fresh and delightful. I cannot satiate myself with looking at green; I believe if I looked all my life long at such a hilly meadow, with a few reddish brown houses on it, I should always find the same delight in it. And the whole road winds along between such meadows; up and down by the side of brooks. At noon in Zweisimmen I was in one of those immense Bernese houses, where every thing shines, full of neatness and cleanliness, all complete and pretty to the smallest detail. There I sent my bundle by the post to Interlaken, and now I shall set out on a regular walk through the country; my night shirt in my pouch, together with brush, comb and sketch-book. More I do not need. But I am very tired,—if it only will be fine weather to-morrow!

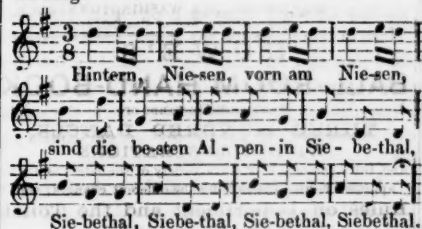
Wimmis, the 8th.

Wish me joy of meal times! For the third time it is so stupid. I must give up my plan of going to Interlaken to-day, for it is not possible to get through. For four hours the water has been falling straight down, as if the clouds above had been squeezed out. The roads are as soft as feather beds; of the mountains you see only single shreds, and those but seldom. It seemed to me sometimes, as if I were in the Markgraviate of Brandenburg; the Simmenthal looked altogether flat. I had to button my sketch-book under my waistcoat, for the umbrella soon ceased to be any help; and so I arrived here at dinner about one o'clock. I took my breakfast in the following place:

[Pen sketch, dated Weissenburg, Aug. 8.]

I drew it on the spot for you with a pen, so do not joke me about the genial weather. In Boltigen I had a wretched night. There was no room in the hotel, on account of the fair. So I had to go into a neighboring house. There were vermin as in Italy, a ticking clock upon the wall, which struck all the hours with a great noise, and a small child that cried all the night long. I was actually compelled to observe the child for a while; it cried in all keys; all passions were expressed in it; it was angry, then furious, then whining, and when it could cry no more, it grunted very deeply. Now tell me, anybody, that one ought to wish the years of childhood back, because children are happy; I am convinced, that such a brat worries itself just as

much as one of us; has its sleepless nights too, its passions, and so on. This philosophical reflection occurred to me this morning, while I was sketching Weissenburg, and I wished to impart it to you boiling hot; but there lay a *Constitutionnel*, in which I read, that Casimir Perier will have his discharge, and much more to set one thinking; among other things a remarkable article about the cholera, which should be copied off, it is so absurd. The cholera is denied point blank in it; only a Jew has had it in Dantzic, and he got well. Right on top of that, a lot of Hegel-ianisms in French; then the elections of Deputies,—O world! As soon as I had read it through, I had to go out into the rain again, and on through the meadows. Really in no dream is such charming country to be seen, as this; even in the vilest weather the little churches, the multitudes of houses and bushes and springs look too lovely. And then the green, to-day it was truly in its element. It is still pouring out of doors, and yet it is long after dinner. This evening I shall not get farther than Spiez. I am sorry that I shall neither be able to see this here, which seems to be charmingly situated, nor Spiez, which I know through Rissel's drawings. Here is the grand point of the whole Simmenthal, and hence it runs in the old song:



I have sung that all this day upon the road. But the Siebethal has not thanked me for the compliment, but has kept on raining.

Wyler.

Evening. In Spiez we were not received; there is no inn there where one can pass the night. So I had to come back here. I had my delight in the situation of Spiez; built quite out into the lake upon a rock, with many little towers, gables and pinnacles; a palace yard with its *orangerie*; a surly nobleman with two hunting hounds behind him; a little church; terraces with variegated flowers; it has a most lovely appearance.

To-morrow I shall see it again from the other side, if the weather admits of seeing. To-day it has poured three hours in succession; I have got pretty wet on the way here. The forest streams are splendid in such weather; they rave and rage. I came over such a devil, the Kander; it was utterly beside itself, leaped, and thundered, and foamed; moreover it looked entirely brown, and the foam yellowish, and it sprinkled far and wide. Of the mountains only a black peak here and there came out of the light rain clouds; they hang deeper down into the valley to-day,

than I have ever seen them. Yet the day was beautiful!

Wyler, the 9th, morning.

To-day it is still madder. It has poured all night, and still pours all the morning. But I have sent word that I shall not go on in such weather, and if it does not hold up, I shall still write this evening from Wyler. Meanwhile I have an opportunity to make acquaintance with my Swiss landlord. How naive they are! I could not draw my shoes on, they were so soaked by the rain; the landlady asked if I would have a shoeing-horn; and when I said yes, she brought me a table spoon. But that will answer. And then they are strong politicians. Over my bed hangs a frightful grimace, under which stands: Prince Baniadofski. If he had not a sort of Polish costume, it would be difficult to make out whether it was meant for a man or a woman; neither from the picture nor the inscription is it quite clear.

Evening, in Untersseen.

The joke has become bitter earnest, as may easily happen at such a time. The storm has raged fearfully, done great damage, and spread desolation; the people can remember no worse storm and rain for many years. And it all comes with such inconceivable rapidity. This morning it was merely disagreeable bad weather, and at noon all the bridges were gone, the passages obstructed for the time; there are land-slides on the lake of Brienz, everything in uproar. I have just learned below, that war has been declared in Europe; it looks wild and gloomy in the world indeed, and one must think himself happy, if he only has for the next moment a warm room and a comfortable shelter, as I have here. Early to-day the rain held in a moment, and I thought that the clouds had exhausted themselves. So I came away from Wyler, and at once found the road already much destroyed; but it would soon be otherwise. The rain began again softly, and suddenly by nine o'clock beat down with such violence, and so in a moment, that one soon perceived there must be something more than usual at work. I crept into a cottage which had been begun, in which there lay a great heap of hay, and made myself quite a convenient bed in the fragrant hay; a soldier of the Canton, who wanted to go to Thun, also crept in from the other side, and after an hour, as it grew no better, we both went on in opposite directions; I had to go under a roof once more in Leisingen, and waited a long time; but as my things were in Interlaken, only two hours journey, I thought I would strain a point to get there, and so set out toward one o'clock for Interlaken. There was positively nothing to be seen, except the grey mirror of the lake; no mountain,—seldom the lines of the opposite shore. The springs, which, as you remember, often run in the footpaths, had become streams, in which one was obliged to wade; when the road ascended, the water stood

still and formed a lake. Then I had to jump over the wet hedges, into the boggy meadows; the little boughs of trees, on which one walks over the brooks, lay underneath the water. Once I came between two such brooks, which poured into one another, and had to walk a long while up to my ankles against the stream. Moreover all the water is black or of chocolate brown; it looks as if mere earth were flowing and leaping along there. From above it rained in torrents; the wind sometimes shook the water down from the wet walnut trees; the waterfalls, which go into the lake, thundered terribly from both shores;—you could follow in the distance the brown streaks as they ran into the bright water of the lake; and, added to all that, the lake was perfectly still, and scarcely moved, and quietly received all the roaring tumult that passed into it.

Here a man met me, who had pulled off his shoes and stockings and stripped up his pantaloons. Then I felt rather uneasy. Presently I met a couple of women, who said I could not get through the village, the bridges were all gone. I asked, how far I had yet to go to reach Interlaken? A good three miles, they answered. It would not do to turn about; so I went forward into the village. There the people cried out to me from the windows, that I could not go any farther, that the water came down too strong from the mountains, and actually there was already in the middle of the village but a savage hospitality. The muddy stream had carried all away with it, ran around the houses, into the meadows, up the footpaths, and thundered below in the lake. Fortunately there was a little boat there; in that I got myself taken over to Neuhaus, although the trip in the open boat, in the sharpest rain, was not sweet. My situation in Neuhaus was pretty miserable;—I looked as if I wore top-boots over my light pantaloons: shoes, stockings and all were dark brown up to the knees; then came the real white color; then a soft, blue overcoat; indeed the sketch-book, which I had buttoned under my waistcoat, was wet. In such a plight I arrived at Interlaken, and was received unfriendly; the people could not or would not give me any place, and so I had to come back here to Unterseen, where I am lodged and feel excellent well. But it is singular; I had rejoiced all the way in the thought of coming once more into the hotel at Interlaken, where I could have many reminiscences; and I actually drove up in my little Neuhaus wagon to the place of the walnut trees, and saw the well-known glass gallery; the pretty landlady came to the door too, somewhat altered and grown older to be sure;—all the bad weather and the inconveniences have not vexed me so much, as to find that I could not stay there. For the first time since leaving Vevay I was put out of tune by it for half an hour, and I had to sing Beethoven's A flat major Adagio



three or four times, before I was all right again. Here I first learned, how much damage the storm had done, and may yet do, for it keeps on pouring.

Evening, half-past nine. The bridge at Zweilütschinen is carried away; the carriers from Brienz and Grindelwald would not go home, for

fear of some stones coming down upon their heads. The water here stands but a foot and a half below the Aar bridge; it is indistinguishable, how mournful the sky looks. Here I can wait the end of it; and I need no environments, to call up recollections. In fact they have shown me into a chamber, where a piano stands, one made in the year 1794, which has in tone much resemblance with the little, old Silbermann in my room, and so I have become fond of it with the first chord, and can also think of you well on it. It has lived through a good deal, this piano, and probably never dreamed that I should some day compose upon it, I who was only born in 1809; now that was a good two and twenty years ago, while the piano is already thirty-seven years old, and still bids fair long to remain fresh! There are new songs under way again, dear sisters! You do not know my principal song in E major, "On the Journey;" it is very sentimental. I am now making one, which will not be good, I fear; but it must suit us three, for it is very well meant; the text is by Goethe, but I do not say what; it is too absurd to compose just that; nor is it suitable for music; but I found it so heavenly beautiful, that I could not help singing it to myself. For to-day I have done. Good night, you dear ones!

The 10th.

To-day it has been the clearest weather, and the storm is past. Would that it might end so quickly with all storms, and clear up! I have passed a glorious day, have sketched, composed, and drunk air. In the afternoon I was on horseback in Interlaken;—no man can go there now on foot; the whole way now stands under water, so that even on horseback one gets very wet. Here in this place too the streets are overflowed and shut up; but it is too beautiful at Interlaken! One really feels too small when he sees how glorious the good God has made the world; and more glorious than it is here, one cannot see it.

I drew for father one of the walnut trees, of which he is so fond; and some day I mean to make a faithful drawing of a regular Bernese house for him. A troop of people, men, women and children, walked by, and gazed at me; I thought they had it now, as I had yesterday, and I should have liked to call out and remind them of it! In the evening the snow mountains glowed in the clearest outline and most beautiful colors. When I came back, I wanted some music paper; they referred me to the pastor,—he to the ranger, and from his daughter I have obtained two very fine, handsome sheets. The song, of which I wrote yesterday, is already finished; it breaks my heart though, to tell you what it is—but do not laugh at me too much—it is nothing else than—but don't suspect me of hydrophobia—the sonnet "Die Liebende schreibt."* I fear, however, it is good for nothing; there is more feeling put into it, I fear, than there comes out of it; yet there are a few good passages in it, and to-morrow I shall make another little one from Umland. Also one or two things for the piano are progressing again. Unfortunately I am quite unable to judge of my new things,—don't know whether they are good or bad; and that comes from the fact, that for a year past everybody to whom I play anything of mine,

*In the set of songs Op. 36; among the posthumous works op. 15.

roundly declares it wonderfully fine, and that amounts to nothing! I wish there was some one who could cut me up intelligently, or, what were still finer, who could praise me intelligently; then I should not always want to do it myself, and be mistrustful of myself. Meanwhile one must still keep writing on. Of the ranger I have just learned, that the whole land is desolated; sad reports come in from all sides. The bridges in the Hasli-thal are all gone; houses and cottages too; a man arrived here to-day from Lauterbrunnen, who had to walk up to his breast in water; the carriage road is ruined, and, what to me was very ominous, the reports, that the Kander has washed down a mass of furniture and house utensils, from no one knows where. Fortunately the water is already sinking again, but the mischief will not be so speedily repaired. It has made my travelling plan again uncertain; for if there is danger, I shall not go into the mountains.

The 11th.

And herewith I close my first batch of diary to you, and send it off. To-morrow I begin a new one, for to-morrow I think of going to Lauterbrunnen. The way is practicable for foot passengers; there is no talk of danger; travellers have already come from there to-day; but for carriages the road will not be passable again this year. Then I will go over the little Scheideck to Grindelwald; over the great Scheideck to Meiringen; over the Furca and the Grimsel to Altorf; and so on to Lucerne, storm, rain and all the rest, i. e., God willing. Early this morning I was on the Harder, and saw the mountains in all their glory; never yet have I seen the Jungfrau glowing so clear, as last evening and this morning. Then I rode again to Interlaken, where I finished drawing my nut tree; then I have composed a little; then three waltzes were written on the rest of the music paper for the ranger's daughter, and courteously presented; and just now I come from a water excursion, which I have made to an inundated reading room, to see what the Poles are about. But unfortunately there is not a word about them in the newspapers. Now I will pack until evening; but it is really hard for me to leave this room here; it is so cozy, and my dear little piano I shall miss very much. I will paint you the view from my window with my pen on the other side of the sheet, and write down my second song then. Unterseen too will pass into the world of memory. Ah, how rapidly! I quote myself; that is not very modest, but the thought occurs to one only too often now, when the days are shortening, when one opens the travelling map at one page and another, and when first Weimar, then Munich, then Vienna falls a year behind! Well here is my window!

[Pen sketch.]

An hour later. The plan is changed, and I remain till day after to-morrow. The people think the roads will then be decidedly better, and there is still enough here to see and to draw.

The Aar has not stood so high for 70 years. To-day they watched upon the bridge with poles and hooks, to fish up single pieces of bridges that have been carried away. It was a strange sight, when such a black looking thing came floating out from the distant mountains, and was finally recognized as a piece of railing, or a

crossbeam, or something of the sort, to see how they all ran together and hooked away at it, until they dragged the monster out of the water. But enough of water, i. e., enough of diary. It is now evening and has grown dark,—I write by candle-light, and should like right well to knock at your door and seat myself at the round table with you. It is the old story again: wherever it is most bright and beautiful, and where I feel right well and comfortable, there I first feel the want of you, and there I would best like to be with you. But who knows, if we shall not come here together one of these years, and then think of to-day, as we now think of that former time? But since no one knows that, I will not muse upon it any longer, but will write out my song, gaze a little more at the mountains, wish you all joy and happiness, and shut up my journal.

FELIX.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Genealogical Disquisition.

WHICH LEAVES EVERYTHING AT LOOSE ENDS.

It would be a poor compliment to any reader of the musical journals, to suppose him ignorant of the name of Bondini—the operatic director for whom Mozart wrote *Don Juan*, and whose daughter, Teresa, was the original Zerlina. So much we find in Holmes' Life of Mozart. This Bondini was a native of Bologna, "a sharp sighted man, rich in knowledge of theatrical affairs," who opened the "small court theatre" in Dresden with an Italian operatic company in September, 1776,—according to another authority. How Bondini extended his operations until he was supplying Dresden, Leipsic and Prague alternately with some months of opera annually, and sparing no expense to obtain the best of singers and instrumental performers—what he effected in Prague, Holmes tells us—and the best actors for his German theatre, and much more to the same effect is not necessary for our present genealogical purpose. At Easter, 1791, Count Thun's theatre in Prague, in which Mozart's masterpieces were played and where *Don Juan* first saw the light (of the foot lamps), was destroyed by fire, "ruined by which," says Fétis, (in his notice of Bondini's daughter in the new edition of his "Musiciens") "he determined to return to Italy, where he hoped to find resources to re-establish his affairs; but he died on the journey, and his family, reduced to a most painful condition, was hardly able to reach Bologna." All this may be very true, but unfortunately, Fétis is so sadly untrustworthy on all matters belonging beyond the "natural boundary," that the following remark in the "Allgemeines Theater Lexicon" (article Leipzig) has in my mind equal authority: "On the death of Bondini in 1796, Franz Seconda obtained the license" (of the Leipzig theatre). The only importance the matter has, is in its effect upon the question where and when his second daughter obtained her early musical education.

Teresa Bondini's name appears in the list of Court-singers at Dresden as early as 1782. She may therefore have been some twenty years of age, when she sang Zerlina at Prague, and Mozart taught her how to shriek.

Marie Anne, the other daughter referred to, was born at Dresden, Oct. 18, 1780, and according to Fétis was, at the age of ten years, already

a fine pianist and residing in Bologna, where she was taught singing by Sartorini;—but this conflicts with the "Theater Lexicon." A plague on both their houses! However, the Bondinis disappear from my books until 1805, in which year Marie Anne comes to light again, in Paris, as the wife of Luigi Barilli.

This man, says Fétis, was born at Modena in 1767, or at Naples in 1764, which latter date he thinks the more probable; but the Paris correspondents of the *Leip. Allg. Zeitung* always speak of him as a native of Bologna, and the notice of his death implies, at least, that 1768 was the date of his birth. Barilli's first appearance in Paris was at the theatre Louvais, Aug. 19, 1805. His voice was feeble and not very pleasing; but his method was excellent and his comic powers extraordinary. Fétis says: "*Pendant plus de dix-huit ans Barilli eut le privilege de faire rire les dilettanti Parisiens, quoique son organ eût perdu de sonorité dans les dernières années.*" In 1809 he became one of the four directors of the Italian Opera at the Odeon, but sustained such heavy losses as to be glad to accept a humbler position, when that theatre was taken by Mad. Catalani. He lost his wife (in 1813) and three sons, whom she had borne him (Fétis); became Regisseur of the Italian Opera in 1820, broke his leg early in 1824 and died of apoplexy, May 26, the same year.

"The probity and disinterestedness of this excellent actor had gained him many friends, who were obliged to contribute to pay the expenses of his funeral and who erected a tomb for him near that of his wife in the East Cemetery."—(Fétis).

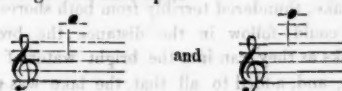
"On the 26th May last died Herr Barilli of Bologna, Regisseur of the Italian theatre, in his 56th year. An excellent man! During the 19 years of his residences here he appeared in 98 different operas and always with credit. His parts were Figaro, Leporello, Geronimo in the *Matrimonio Segreto*, and the like. In the last of these he was, to perfection, the right man in the right place. His essential excellence was his correct declamation, so much the more praiseworthy because now so seldom heard."—(Paris Corr. of the *Leip. Allg. Zeitung*, 1824.)

Upon arriving in Paris (1805) Marie Anne (Bondini) Barilli sang with great applause in concerts, and it was not until Jan. 14, 1807, that the directors of the theatre Louvais could persuade her to overcome her timidity and venture upon the stage. The opera was *Guglielmi's "Due Gemelli."* She was struck with stage fright and broke down; but on the 13th of May, she tried a second time, in Paer's "*Griselda*," and with complete success. From this time to her death she was the idol of the Paris Italian Opera public, as well as chamber singer to Napoleon—a distinction, which she owed entirely to her art, her virtue being incorruptible.

A contemporary notice or two of her, may be of interest. Here is one dated Oct. 1809, contained in a notice of the Paris Italian Opera of the preceding summer. A Madame Festa had been singing on the stage as prima donna in Paisiello's "*Mollinara*," alternately with Mad. Barilli in Sarti's "*Nozze di Dorina*."

"Mad. Festa first appeared as the *Mollinara* and with great success, her skill gaining her a multitude of admirers. Mad. Barilli, who had withdrawn for a time to give her rival and her

rival's admirers free play and then to re-appear with all the more success, made the fortune of Sarti's opera. There followed something of a rivalry, by which, however, the public was a gainer." After criticizing Sarti's work severely, the writer goes on: "the duet in the first act is usually repeated, in which Mad. Barilli has a grand opportunity to exhibit all her force, especially her power of execution. This songstress, then, possesses—it is true, not a grand all-pervading voice—but one of remarkable compass. She sings with ease up to



"It is impossible to convey to you an idea of the perfection with which she executes whatever she bestows pains upon. She can go on for a quarter of an hour, executing the most difficult passages and divisions, with never a note false, nay, with never one indistinct or faltering. Hence her special triumph is in bravura singing. Her runs up and down are as neat as if executed upon a flute. All the more pity therefore that Mad. B. sings with neither warmth nor expression. The color is always the same, and her soul has not the slightest sympathy with any words she sings. Hence a feeling of monotony when one hears her much and often. She will always gain applause, but never excite enthusiasm. She, however, soars so far above all the French songstresses, that it would be nonsense to compare her with any one of them. One has also the advantage of being the wife of the best actor in this theatre and can therefore devote any amount of care to securing a perfect ensemble. Herr Barilli has a fair tenor voice, not very sympathetic, but by his good method and by the drollery of his almost extravagant buffoonery—allowed however in comic opera—he has an important share in keeping up and giving life to the theatre."

Mad. Barilli's great parts were in Mozart's operas. Was this owing to the influence of her early life in Dresden and Prague? Doubtless; and the daughter of a man, who had sense enough to order *Don Juan* from Mozart, may well be supposed to have learned to sing that music as it should be sung. Her greatest triumph was the Countess in *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and for many years after her death, no songstress ventured to brave the public of the Odeon, by attempting any innovation upon her style of performance, or even in her exquisitely tasteful toilette for the part—as it was then considered. This part was held to be especially adapted to her powers, because of that very boldness for which she was criticized in some others. As late as 1820, a writer describes this as being the most laborious soprano part—i. e. as she sang it—then known. Besides the two grand airs written by Mozart for the Countess, she introduced a third (by Simon Mayr?) and adopted the romance "*Voi chi sapete*;" the duet with Susanna was not so much sung, as executed in nightingale tones. This in addition to the great compass of voice, and the great amount of vocalization in the second and fourth Finales—justifies that writer's opinion.

In 1813, after a long and severe illness, she appeared three times in an opera of Portogallo, was then seized by a malignant fever and died Oct. 24th.

The *Harmonicon* (II. p. 73) has the following in its Paris news, dated March 13, 1824.

"A sort of fatality attends poor Barilli, an excellent man and much esteemed by the public. He lost his wife in the flower of her youth and beauty. Mad. Barilli was known to all Europe for the true and enchanting manner in which she sang the principal parts in Mozart's divine operas. His son was ravished from him by a cruel malady; some months ago a fraudulent bankrupt (now in London) [Bochsa?] robbed him of all the fruits of his industry and economy, and very recently he has had the misfortune to break his leg. [This was by a fall in the theatre]. The administration of the Theatre Italien, as a proof of their esteem and of their gratitude for his past services, have determined to give him a free benefit on the 21st of this month."

Here is a very "loose end," in my genealogical web. For I have no means of determining what, if any, family connection there was between the Barillis and a certain Caterina Barilli—the name has lost an *l*—who sang Romeo in Bellini's "*Capuletti*" to Virginia Wanderer's Juliet, in Crema in 1833 and was called out by the audience. I trace her afterwards as prima donna, appearing successively at Crema, Odessa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Milan, Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Madrid, and in 1842 in Piacenza, where during the Carnival, as we read in the *Leipzig Allg. Zeitung*, "For her benefit the Barilli (Caterina) gave *Norma*, in which her daughter Clothilde sang the Adalgisa."

Now from 1834 on, you will find that wherever the Barilli is prima donna, the tenor Patti is sure to be included in the company, and from 1842 she assumes the name Barilli-Patti.

Notices of her at Cremona, Vincenza, Vercelli, Como and Crema bring us down to the Carnival of 1846, when she disappears from the musical journals which I have at hand.

In 1844 the prima donna, in the Carnival operas at Cremona, was a songstress, very much praised, especially as Lucia and Alice (in "*Robert the Devil*") by the name of Truffi. Very soon after, she appears as Barilli-Truffi and sings successively in Bergamo, Trieste, Rome and Turin, which brings us to 1847.

And now why this long story made up out of old journals and about persons of no interest to us? Because they may perhaps be of interest to us—and for the reason—that according to the best of my knowledge and belief, the Caterina Barilli-Patti, above named, was the mother of Adelina Patti. I cannot prove this from any authorities at hand, nor can I show that she has the hereditary right—so to speak—to be a great artist as the descendant of the Paris Barillis and the Dresden and Prague Bondinis. But the probabilities are in favor of the hypothesis, and the young songstress has already taken a place in the world of art, which renders it an interesting question, whether she is not another instance of family talent descending through several generations and at length culminating in genius. If the surmise be correct, "Trovator," in his letter to *Dwight's Journal*, published Dec. 3, 1859, would seem to be mistaken in placing the date of the advent of the then infant Adelina at New York in 1844. If the Madrid prima donna of April 8, 1843, was the mother, this is conclusive on that point—for the following syllogism. Feb. 1, 1843,

the theatre del Circo in Madrid opened its spring "stagione" with Donizetti's *Marino Faliero*, Caterina Barilli-Patti as prima donna—with great applause. (*L. M. Zeitung*, XLV, p. 483.) In the Carnival of 1846, she sang at Crema (*L. M. Z.*, XLVII, p. 880.) Therefore she could not have been in New York.—Q. E. D.

"Trovator," you are called upon to gather up the family traditions, to search the Italian chronicles, to write the book of Genesis (of Patti), to give us the true history of the Exodus from Europe, the Advent in America, and the Acts of those singing apostles who have played as important a part in spreading in the United States, what you, it is true, place rather higher as the true musical gospel than I do.

I suppose any file of New York papers from 1844 to 1847 will decide some of the questions at issue.

A. W. T.

* By a typographical error the Barillis in the letter from which I quote are called Basilli.

The Great Triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, in 1862.

(From the Pamphlet Programme of the Directors.)

THIRD EXTRACT.

In connection with the subject of the proper distribution of the several parts of this great Orchestra, must be placed *foremost*, as a matter of importance, the absolute necessity for employing those additional wind instruments of various timbre which are wanting in Handel's scores, but are so imperatively demanded by ears accustomed to modern instrumentation. This Mr. Costa has thoroughly accomplished by the additional accompaniments written expressly for these Festivals. It would be a work of supererogation here to dilate upon the general value of Mr. Costa's association with the Handel Festivals. He has been experienced and acknowledged by the thousands who have had the good fortune to profit by his training and guidance; by many tens of thousands of delighted auditors. Mr. Costa's services in executive musical art, which, during the last quarter of a century, have made "Costa's Orchestra" the great Orchestra of Europe, are cheerfully and ungrudgingly acknowledged by every musician and critic. To say one word here on these subjects would be wholly out of place. Not so, however, as regards the importance of Mr. Costa's labors in placing Handel's grand conceptions before the public at these great Festivals with all the modern advantages and improvements in orchestral arrangement; with all those additional means and appliances which become so indispensable with the largely increased Orchestras of the present day. Those only who watch closely the progress and the workings of these undertakings, can fully appreciate his arduous but unobtrusive labors; and if the name of Mozart has become indissolubly associated with the performances of the "*Messiah*," so assuredly in all future great musical celebrations will the additional accompaniments of Mr. Costa to "*Israel*," "*Judas*," "*Samson*," "*Solomon*," "*Deborah*," the "*Te Deum*," and other great works of Handel, be as honorably associated and sought after.

It is hardly requisite upon the present occasion to enter at length upon the mode to be adopted for selecting the large mass of performers required for the Festival. It is sufficient to state, that with a very large body of Amateur Choralists in regular training in the Metropolis, and with applications beyond precedent for admission thereto; with a great numerical increase in the number of duly qualified Provincial Chorus Singers, and with a much wider range for selection from this and other countries, for instrumental as well as Choral Performers, than on previous occasions, the general class of performers must, with even ordinary care, be much more effective than heretofore.

But when to this we add the knowledge which the Superintendents of the Orchestra have already gained of those under their control, and the advantages which will arise from the information acquired in the selection and practice of the performers at the opening of the International Exhibition—the whole of whom, under Mr. Costa's direction, will be managed by the same Superintendents—and when we further couple with this the large choice of performers now available from both town and country, affording increased opportunity for insisting upon the most regular and exact attendances at rehearsals, there can be

no question that a marked advance will be apparent in the musical efficiency of the performers generally. It need scarcely be said, that the system of numbering the place of each person in the Orchestra will be adopted. Another great advantage arises from the ample supply of music books, provided expressly and solely for these Festivals, and which, under the watchful eye of the Conductor, are constantly receiving fresh marks of expression and correction. Stress may with reason be laid on this last-named advantage; on no occasion of even a moderate Festival has this requirement been so well studied as at the Handel Festivals, and although it has only been accomplished by great outlay and the most minute watchfulness, both the money and the time have been well expended.

These apparently minor points are dwelt upon because it but too often happens that large numbers of persons are assembled for musical displays without that complete organization which is to the full as necessary in an Orchestra as in an army. Under such circumstances, increased numbers can only produce increased confusion. From the first projection of the Handel Festival, the extreme of regularity has been insisted upon: unless that regularity had been adhered to, it is well known these Festivals would not have enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Costa's co-operation. The Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society have practised this order and regularity through a long series of years in all their musical undertakings, and to their experience and co-operation much of the superiority of the Handel Festivals is to be ascribed; and the public may have every confidence that the co-operation between the Crystal Palace Company, the Society, and Mr. Costa, which produced such triumphs in 1857 and 1859, will not fail to make the Triennial Handel Festival of 1862 worthy in all respects of the occasion on which it is held, and a fit successor of its great precursors.

It has been considered that it would prove interesting to the public, and be a valuable record of the great advance of musical executive art, if an exact model—to scale—of the Great Orchestra, as it will be arranged for the 1862 Festival, with the performers in their places, were prepared for exhibition at the International Exhibition of 1862. For this model—which is being prepared at a cost of several hundred pounds—the Commissioners have granted a prominent situation, and it will be on exhibition from and after the 1st of May. As before stated, the period of a London International Exhibition is one during which it is imperative that CHORAL MUSIC should be represented in its MOST COMPLETE FORM. It is felt to be a specialty in which England excels; therefore it is most desirable that at such a time its best efforts should be put forward. The desire of the Royal Commissioners of 1862 to associate music with the other Fine Arts, at the Exhibition, was expressed at an early date. Subsequent consideration, however, led to the wise conclusion, that, except on ceremonial occasions, the Musical Art was more likely to be well represented by private enterprise than through any efforts of the Commissioners themselves at the Exhibition.

It remains only to state the arrangements of the forthcoming Festival. There will be

THREE DAYS PERFORMANCES.

Monday, June 23rd—*Messiah*.

Wednesday, June 25th—*Selection*.

Friday, June 27th—*Israel in Egypt*.

The selection for the second day has not been finally arranged, but opportunity will be taken to introduce some of the most massive of Handel's Choruses, as well as others of a lighter character, in addition to a variety of the most celebrated Solo and Concerted Pieces. It may be stated generally that it will comprise portions of the "*Dettingen Te Deum*" (which produced such great effect in 1859), short selections from "*Saul*," "*Judas Maccabaeus*," "*Samson*," &c. It has also been decided that in the second part of this day's performance, the arrangement of the Chorus shall be changed, so as to admit of the performance of a few of Handel's great Double Choruses, such, for instance, as "*Immortal Lord*," from "*Deborah*," "*From the Censer*," and the fine dramatic series known as "*The Passions*," from "*Solomon*." In this manner a very great variety and interest will be imparted to the "*Selection*" day.

The performance of the "*Messiah*" and "*Israel in Egypt*" must be looked for as a matter of course. Even if the Directors of the Festival had the inclination to substitute other works of Handel, the public voice would be against them, for no Festival can be complete in England without "*Messiah*,"—while no such opportunity as the present can offer itself for displaying the magnificence of "*Israel in Egypt*." With such limitations of selection, this Festival, therefore, must be regarded, notwithstanding those

Chopin's Mazurkas.

37

Rubato.

A tempo.

Plu f

Riten.

A tempo.

p *fz* *p* *pp*

Dolce. *Scotto voce.*

Ped. ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.*

p ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* ** Ped.* *f* *p*

Sempre p e Legato.

Poco ritenuto.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

A Tempo.

The first system of the Mazurka consists of four staves. The first staff is the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melody with triplets and trills. The second staff is the bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The third and fourth staves continue the accompaniment. The first staff is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third staff is marked with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic and the instruction "Sotto voce." The piece concludes with a "Fine." marking at the end of the fourth staff.

Moderato con anima (♩ = 126.)

No. 16.

Op. 24. No. 3.

The second system of the Mazurka consists of three staves. The first staff is the treble clef, continuing the melody. The second and third staves are the bass clef, providing the accompaniment. The first staff is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second staff is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third staff is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piece concludes with a "Fine." marking at the end of the third staff. The first staff is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second staff is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third staff is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piece concludes with a "Fine." marking at the end of the third staff.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

39

Legato.

[illegible]

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a prominent bass line with many beamed eighth notes, creating a rhythmic accompaniment. The melody is simple and catchy, with a few trills and grace notes. The score includes a "Ped." (pedal) marking at the beginning and end of the piano accompaniment. The title "The Rose Tree" is written in a decorative font at the top right.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with a trill marked 'tr' and a triplet marked '3'. The bass staff has a bass line with a trill marked 'tr' and a triplet marked '3'. The score includes dynamic markings like 'fz' and 'Ped.' (Pedal). There are also asterisks (*) and a 'C' time signature.

Dolce.

1st.

2nd.

Dolciss.

Per den do si. Fine.

Moderato. (♩ = 132.)

No. 17.

Op. 24. No. 4.

No. 17.

Op. 24. No. 4.

p

Poco a poco.

Ped. *

cre - seen - do.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ff *p*

Chopin's Mazurkas.

Cres.
Ped. *

Scherz.

Dolce. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Accelerando. *Ritenu.*

A tempo. *Cres.* *scen* *do.* *ff*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Piu agitato e stretto.

p * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Cres.* *Ped.* *

1st. *2nd.*

Ped. * *ff* * *Ped.* * *p*

which have preceded it, as aiming at the most complete and efficient performance of HANDEL'S MASTER WORKS, WHICH HAS EVER BEEN WITNESSED.

Death of Halévy, the Composer.

(From the Evening Post, N. Y.)

Among the foreign intelligence brought by the last steamer is the announcement of the death at Nice, where he had been spending the winter, of Jacques François Fromental Elie Halévy, the celebrated composer. He was born in Paris in May, 1799, and studied music under the illustrious Cherubini. His first opera was "L'Artisan," but his greatest, and that on which his reputation will chiefly rest, is "La Juive," which was produced at Paris in 1835, has been played in that city over four hundred times, and is one of the standard operas of the lyric repertoire. It was given in English in this country many years ago, but made familiar to the present generation of New York opera-goers by the performance, a few seasons since, of Stigelli, Madame Fabbri and Carl Formes at the Academy of Music and Winter Garden, and later by Stigelli and Colson at the Academy. Replete with dramatic combinations, and by no means destitute of delicious melody, it is acknowledged by amateurs here as elsewhere to be a work worthy of its high place in the list of truly grand operas.

Halévy has been a prolific composer, and among the operas he has written for the French stage, are "La Reine de Chypre," "Charles VI.," "Mousquetaires de la Reine," (the next in popularity to "La Juive," "La Fée aux Roses," "La Tempesta" (on Shakespeare's Tempest), "Le Juif Errant," and "Valentine D'Aubigne." His latest work was "La Magicienne," produced at the Grand Opera, in 1858. At the time of his death he was a Professor of composition at the Conservatoire, and Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts.

Halévy's operas may be termed heavy. They need spectacular effect of the most elaborate order to please the public, but the musical student on examining and studying the score will discover beauties of melody and treasures of harmony which cannot fail to delight. As a march, there are few grander than that in the first act of "La Juive," and few tenor scenes equal to that in the fourth act.

Halévy belongs to the grand school of composers of the last generation, who find as yet no rival in the affections of the music lover, excepting to a limited degree in Verdi. Of his old contemporaries, Donizetti and Bellini are long since dead; Pacini has so outlived his time as to be dead to all out of Italy; Mer a l'inc still lives in Naples, and the octogenarian Auber even yet writes charming operas at Paris; Meyerbeer busies himself at Berlin, and Rossini enjoys a quiet old age in the French capital, where, by the way, the loss of Halévy will be the most severely felt.

(From the London Musical World.)

Jacques Elie Fromental Halévy, the celebrated composer, has just died at Nice, after a brief but severe illness. He was born at Paris, May 27, 1799, of Israelitish parents, whose name was originally Levy. In 1809, he entered the Conservatoire, and received from Cazot lessons in solfeggio, and in 1810 made rapid progress on the piano under Charles Lambert. In 1811 he became a pupil of Berton, and studied counterpoint for five years under Cherubini. He obtained, in 1819, the great composition prize for his cantata of *Herminie*; and the next year he was charged with writing the music of a "De Profundis" on the death of the Duke de Berri. He passed two years in Italy at the expense of the Government, and wrote *Les Bohémiennes*, *Pygmalion*, and *Les Deux Pavillons* (which did not appear), about this time. Five years later, in 1827, he published *Phidias*, and subsequently *L'Artisan*, a comic opera in one act; and the next year he first became known by the piece de circonstance which he wrote, in conjunction with Riffant, for the fête of Charles X., called *Le Roi et le Batelier*. In 1829 appeared *Clariss*, a five-act opera, with a part for Malibran; and subsequently, with alternations of success and failure, *Le Dilettante d'Avignon* (very popular), *Monon Lestaut* (ballet in three acts), *La Langue Musicale* (in conjunction with M. C. Gide), *La Tentation*, and *Les Souvenirs de Lofleur*, which latter was written for the return of Martin to the Opéra Comique. Halévy's great work, *La Juive*, appeared in 1835. This opera, combining his finest style, his best talent, and all the richness of his instrumentation, has been played in all the theatres of Europe. He received the Legion of Honor for this work. His subsequent compositions are too numerous to be alluded to at length. Among them

may be mentioned *Guido et Ginevra*; ou, *la Peste de Florence* (1838); *L'Eclair* (comic), very favorably received on its appearance in 1838; *Le Guitarero*, comic opera in three acts (1841); *Charles VI.* (1842); *La Reine de Chypre* (1842); *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine* (1846); *Le Val d'Andorre* (1848); *Le Nobob* (1853); *La Tempête*, gorgeously produced in London, and written expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre; *Le Juif Errant* (1855); *Valentine d'Aubigne* (1856); *La Magicienne* (1858); *La Fée aux Roses*, &c. Halévy is author of a great quantity of fugitive pieces of all sorts. He has been extolled by his admirers as "most skilful in musical science, intimately versed in fugue, in counterpoint, choral and orchestral writing." Whether this be exactly true or not, all his works are conscientiously executed, his style combining the peculiarities of the French and German schools. He had been professor at the Conservatoire since 1833, member of the Académie des Beaux Arts since 1836 (succeeding to Leiche), and perpetual Secretary of the Academy since the death of Raoul Rochette in 1854. In his capacity of Secretary he delivered funeral orations for Onslow (1855), Blouet (1856), and David d'Angers (1857). In 1848 he was promoted to be an officer in the Legion of Honor. More recently he was elected a member of the Institute. In private life M. Halévy was universally esteemed.

The Sum paid to Rossini for his Opera "Il Barbieri."

The following is a curious document, not without interest for the history of music. It is the agreement between Rossini and the manager of the Argentina Theatre at Rome, for composing and superintending the production of *Il Barbieri*. We translate it literally.

"Nobil Teatro di Torre Argentina.

"26th December, 1815.

"By the present deed, drawn up by private individuals, but not the less valid on that account, and in conformity with the terms agreed on by the contracting parties, it has been stipulated as follows:—

"The Signor Pucca Sforza Cesarini, manager of the above theatre, engages the Signor Gioacchino Rossini for the coming carnival season of 1816; the said Rossini promises and binds himself to compose and place upon the stage the second *buffo* drama represented during the aforesaid season at the theatre already mentioned, and to suit it to the libretto which shall be given him by the same manager; whether this libretto be new or old, the maestro Rossini undertakes to send in his score by the middle of the month of January, and to adapt it to the voices of the singers; he binds himself, moreover, if called upon, to make all the alterations which shall be necessary, both for the good execution of the music, and the convenience and requirements of the singers.

"The maestro Rossini promises and binds himself, also, to be at Rome, for the purpose of fulfilling his engagement, not later than the end of December of the present year, and to deliver to the copyist the first act of his opera, completely finished, on the 20th January, 1816; the 20th January is selected, in order that the rehearsals and concerted music may be promptly proceeded with, and the opera placed on the stage on the day desired by the manager, the first performance being fixed, from this time, at about the 3th February. The maestro Rossini is bound, also, to deliver to the copyist, on the day required, his second act, in order that there may be time to practice and rehearse, so as to produce the opera on the evening previously mentioned, otherwise the maestro Rossini will be liable for all losses, since it must be thus and not otherwise.

"Furthermore, the maestro Rossini will be bound to superintend the getting-up of his opera, according to custom, and to be present at all the rehearsals of the vocalists and orchestra, whenever this shall be requisite, either in the theatre or elsewhere, at the desire of the manager; he undertakes, also, to be present at the first three performances, which will be given consecutively, and to conduct at the piano, because it must be so and not otherwise. In consideration of his trouble, the manager binds himself to pay the maestro Rossini the sum and quantity of *scudi quattro cento romani* (of four hundred Roman crowns), immediately after the first three performances which he shall conduct at the piano.

"It is further agreed that, in the case of an interdiction, or of the theatre being closed, either by the authorities, or from any other unforeseen cause, the same course shall be taken which is usually pursued in the theatres of Rome, or in any other country, under similar circumstances.

"And, as a guarantee for the complete execution of this agreement, the latter shall be signed by the manager, and also by the maestro Gioacchino Rossini;

moreover, the said manager provides the maestro Rossini with lodgings, for the duration of the agreement, in the house assigned to Sig. Luigi Zamboni."

This agreement, by which Rossini obtained about eighty-nine pounds, applied simply to *Il Barbieri di Siviglia*.—*London Mus. World*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Composers of "Stabat Mater."

[Having formerly sought in vain for a list of the composers of the *Stabat Mater*, I have been in the habit for some two or three years of writing the names of such as have set it to music, which I come upon in the course of my reading and study. It is not to be supposed that a list from the notes already made can lay a claim to any great degree of completeness; but even an imperfect catalogue is better than none, and at all events lays a foundation for something better in process of time.

The text, and doubtless a melody for it, was the work of Jacob Benedictoli or Jacopone da Todi, a descendant of the Benedict family, a native of Todi, who died a minorite friar in 1306. For an account of Jacopone, an article by Fink, in the *Leipziger Allg. Musik Zeitung*, August 17 and 24, 1825, may be consulted,—an article, which might at least be the basis of an interesting one for *Dwight's Journal*. Fink draws upon the Monkish historians of the order of which Jacopone, after losing his wife, became a member, and shows conclusively enough the error of Johann v. Müller and other writers in ascribing the poem to Pope John, XXII. and others.—A. W. T.]

1. Jacobo Benedictoli, died 1306.
2. Josquin de Pres, born about 1440, at St. Quentin. (See *L. M. Z.*, Vol. XXXVII. No. 24).
3. Vito. There is (or was) a score of *Stabat Mater* under this name in the Library of the Sacred Society in London. Who was this Vito? Was he the church-music director Vito, who died in Prague in 1551?
4. Angelo Inzenga, or Inz. Angelo, (which?) Another *Stabat Mater* under this name is also in the Library of the Lond. Sac. Har. Soc. Is this Angelo, perhaps the monk, Angelo de Picione, the organist and author of "*Fior Angelico di Musica*, &c," published at Venice, 1547?
5. Palestrina—1524—1594.
6. Nanini. There were two Naninis contemporaries of Palestrina; which was the author of the St. M. I cannot make out, probably Giovanni Maria, who, with Palestrina, opened the famous music school at Rome. He died 1607, as one of the Pope's choir.
7. Giovanni Paolo Colonna, church chapelmaster at Bologna, died 1695. He wrote one St. M. in 5 parts with instrumental accompaniment, and another in 8 parts, or for two choirs.
8. Agostino Steffani—1655—1730—the chapelmaster at Hannover, who befriended the youth, Handel, and caused his office to be conferred upon the rising genius, in 1708.
9. Antonio Caldara, born about 1674, vice-chapelmaster to the Court at Vienna, from 1714 to his death in 1763. Some of his works are in the repertory of the Dom Chor at Berlin.
10. Emanuel d'Astorga, born in Sicily about 1680, where his father was executed by the Spanish conquerors of the island, and educated in a convent at Storga, whence the name. He seems to have composed his St. M. for London about 1720.
11. Gian. Carlo Maria Clari, church chapelmaster at Pistoja, flourished about 1700,—his St. M. is in Novello's Fitzwilliam music.
12. Giov. Battista Pergolesi (Giambattista Jesi) born at Pergoli, whence the name by which he is known, 1707—1739.
13. Pasquale Caffaro, 1708—1787. Chapelmaster at Naples.
14. Christopher Gluck, 1714—1787.
15. Orazio Mei, cathedral chapelmaster at Leghorn, died 1795.

16. Joseph Aloys Schmittbauer, 1718—1809. Chapelmaster at Carlsruhe.

17. Joseph Lederer, 1733—1796, a monk at Ulm.

18. Joseph Haydn, 1732—1809.

19. Luigi Boccherini, born 1730? 1735? 1740? (Fétis gives this last date) died 1805.

20. Carl Joseph Rodewald, 1733—1809, concert-master at Cassel.

21. Marquis of Ligniville, a noble Amateur. Music director at the Court of Tuscany about 1765.

22. Franz Seydelmann, 1748—1806, director of the Italian Opera at Dresden.

23. Peter Winter, 1755—1825. Chapelmaster at Munich. Composed St. M. three times with the Latin, once with the German text.

24. W. A. Mozart, 1756—1791. (See Holmes's Life of Mozart, N. Y. Ed., p. 368. This may be a mistake, for Jahn, I believe, has nothing about a St. M. by him.)

25. Franz Danzi, 1760—1826. Chapelmaster successively at Munich, Stuttgart and Carlsruhe.

26. Johann Simon Mayr, 1763—1845; a Bavarian by birth, church chapelmaster at Bergamo. He set the St. M. to music 4 times.

27. Antonio Peregrini Benelli, 1771—1830. Singer in London, 1798—1800, then long in Dresden, and died as teacher of singing in Berlin.

28. Carl Fried. Runzenhagen, 1778—1851, died director of the Singakademie at Berlin. In the *Harmonicon*, Vol. IV., p. 235, is a notice of a *Stabat Mater*, posthumous work by C. M. v. Weber. The writer of that note mistook the work of Runzenhagen for Weber's, owing to misinterpreting the advertisement in which it was offered for sale for the benefit of Weber's widow and children.

29. August Ferdinand Häser, 1779—1844, church and church music director at Weimar.

31. Franz Paul Grun, one of the chapelmasters at Munich, early in this century.

32. Joseph Zyka, a musician at Berlin, sent a St. M. to St. Petersburg in 1797, and received a ring set with jewels from the Tsar.

33. Ignaz von Seyfried, 1776—1841, chapelmaster at the Theatre an der Wien in Vienna.

34. Pietro Raimondi, music director in Naples, produced his St. M. in 1822.

35. Jacob Meyerbeer—the Meyerbeer.

36. Johann Hartmann Stunz, successor of Winter as chapelmaster at Munich.

37. Joachim Rossini.

38. Franz Schubert wrote a St. M. to a German text.

39. Amandus Leopold Leidegabel, 1816, still living in Berlin.

40. Robert Eitner, a youngish musician in Berlin, St. M. for men's voices.

41. Max Keller, still, I suppose, organist at Altötting in Bavaria.

42. Wm. H. Fry, well known as the musical writer of the N. Y. *Tribune*.

43. J. M. V. Bush, (of New York?)

44. Besides, I see a Prince Corca mentioned as having set the St. M., but find out nothing about him.

and Quintets, no Oratorios have we to report of. The only public concert of the week has been the twelfth of the Wednesday afternoon affairs of the ORCHESTRAL UNION. These still share the empire of minds restless with the sunshine and vague prophecies impulses of Spring. The Music Hall last Wednesday may have been two-thirds full, and rarely has it held a more attentive audience—at least in the day time. An uncommonly good programme, for a popular one, deserved this. First was played the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, played for the most part with great delicacy; the fineness of the violin tones, both in the tiny fairy flutter, and in the singing, long-drawn die-away-to-sleep passage, held the listening soul entranced. There was real *pianissimo* here. What a dream indeed, and what a performance for a boy (well named Felix) of fifteen! This was fine poetry; then came small talk, eager and vivacious, airs from the ball room, in the shape of a clever Strauss waltz, which he calls "his Farewell to Berlin,"—full of odd surprises in the way of instrumental coloring.

Beethoven's second Symphony, in D, was listened to with close attention and delight through all four movements. There are not many in our audiences now, who would vote a Symphony—certainly not one of Beethoven's—a bore. You overhear less talk about their being "scientific," "classical," well enough for the connoisseurs and all that, and more about their beauty and their grandeur. Young people discuss their favorites among the Symphonies as among their friends, and yet love them all. So much for the frequent opportunities of hearing; and hence, at the risk of its seeming an old story, would we continually renew our recognition of the Orchestral Union, CARL ZERRAHN, and all who take care to provide these good things for us.

The *Miserere* from Verdi's *Tronatore* sounded lugubrious and tragical enough to satisfy the most intensely romantic of young ladies, and so met a want which older people have found more than enough provided for in actual life. But candidly, did there not seem to be a good deal of melodramatic blue-light about the affair, after the genial, real daylight of the Symphony! Strauss again contributed a luxurious set of Quadrilles out of Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*; and then the concert closed with a good honest, genial overture—one of his most spirited and best—by Rossini, to the "Siege of Corinth." Very *apropos* in name at present! May the real siege, awaited now so anxiously in Mississippi, be as successfully performed as this was!

Mr. OTTO DRESEL completed last Saturday evening the four—properly speaking eight—delightful Piano-Forte Soirées, which he has been giving in the picture room of the Studio Building. As we have said before, in briefly alluding to the first of them, he gave them in spite of himself; the usual order was reversed, and, instead of artist inviting audience, it was audience inviting (commanding) artist. A circle formed itself to hear him play in a small room, almost as in a parlor, so that the thing could not be very public; and yet, by doubling the concerts, at least two hundred persons first and last became partakers of the pleasure. We venture to declare for all of them, that never were concerts found so short—long as they must prove in the remembrance. Farther than this we have no right to criticize, or even praise, the performance, for it would rob the soirées of their free and social character. But of the pieces played we make a note, to show what some of our musical circles love and are so happy as to get—albeit not so often as they would.

The fourth (eighth) programme was as follows:

1. Larghetto from 24 Symphony. Beethoven
2. Two Romances, Schumann
3. Intermezzo.
3. Raveris.
- Phantasietück. Otto Dresel
- Intermezzo.
4. Scherzo, (Bb minor). Chopin
5. Funeral March. Chopin
6. Fugue, (C sharp major). Bach
7. Presto Scherzando. Mendelssohn
- Gavotte. Bach
8. Scherzo. Mendelssohn
- Etude. Thalberg
- Polka. Otto Dresel
9. Adagio from 2d Concerto, and Chopin
- Polonaise, op. 22.

The Symphony Larghetto was an admirable arrangement by Mr. Dresel himself. For the intervening concert, between the first and last, he had no printed programme, nor did the Saturday division of the subscribers always get a fac-simile of the Thursday's feast; the artist leaving himself open somewhat to the moods and inspirations of the moment. We cannot remember all the pieces. But among them was another BEETHOVEN Symphony movement, the Andante of the C minor, wonderfully arranged by Liszt, so as to clearly indicate even the contrasted characters of the different sets of the orchestral instruments. One evening he played two of Beethoven's Sonatas; that in G, op. 31, and that in Ab, with the variations and the *Marcia funebre*. SEBASTIAN BACH was further represented by one of his grandest Organ Fugues (in A minor), even the grand pedal effects being given (twice played); and by a most exhilarating *Gavotte*, arranged from one of his orchestral *Suites*. Of MENDELSSOHN we had (twice) his noblest Piano-forte work, the "*Variations Serieuses*," and several poetic "Songs without Words." Of SCHUMANN, a Fantasia, deep and rich in feeling, and several smaller pieces. TAUBERT's "Campanella," something very nice by HILLER, an *Etude* by TCHERNIAK, and some impassioned, splendid *Fantasia-Stücke* by SARAN, the gifted pupil of ROBERT FRANZ. But it was of CHOPIN that he dispensed the most copious and frequent draughts, bringing out treasures new and old, as only he can do, and to most willing and insatiable audience. Fantasia, Polonaises, Scherzos, Etudes, Impromptus, Mazurkas, Waltzes, Nocturnes, enough to put one in a bewildering too happy reverie in trying to recall them individually.

The ITALIAN OPERA closed with two full houses on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon of last week. Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" was very charming in the person of Miss KELLOGG, whose natural, vivacious acting, fresh, pure voice, and pointed execution, filled out the pretty part to good advantage, and won continual applause. BRIGNOLI spared not his golden tones in Tonio, but did his best; and Sig. SUSINI was the brusque old sergeant to the life. The choruses were fair in parts, the military evolutions not marked by the greatest unity, and *La figlia* drummed too, with considerable *clat*.

The afternoon performance (Matinée) commenced with the first act of the *Traviata*, in which Mme. VARIAN, while she sang some parts charmingly, and appeared always graceful, lacked either power of voice, or confidence, to make the whole scene telling; while Sig. ERANI, the new tenor, gave a pleasant touch of his quality, though but a little. *La Favorita* followed, Mme. D'ANGRI modulating her rich voice artistically, as she always does, but having neither the right voice nor feeling for the part. BRIGNOLI sang superbly. The King's part (baritone) was wooden; and Sig. BARILI supplied the place of SUZINI (indisposed) quite well as the old monk Balthazar. A miscellaneous "Sacred" concert employed all the artists Sunday evening.

"OLD HUNDRED" AFTER VICTORY.—There is sense in the following suggestion from a son of the Puritans, now in Europe.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 10, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's Mazurkas.

Concerts and Operas.

Our "season" is substantially over. Our springs of musical delight, which flowed so full, have one by one, like Cherith's brook, "dried up." No Philharmonic Concerts, no Quartets

Why do I not read in the reports of the victories of our troops, especially of those from New England, descendants of the Puritans, that, after the action is over and the victory secure, all unite in singing the Old Hundredth psalm tune, "Be thou, O God," &c.?

When we consider that this old psalm tune was prepared for the Calvinist psalm book in 1553 (or about that time), that it was adopted by Ainsworth, in his book prepared for exiled Puritans in Holland soon after, that it was brought to our American shores, by the first settlers of Massachusetts, and has become the American "Te Deum," with all the Associations now of the hundred years clustering about it, what could so grandly close a victorious day of strife, as to hear it swelling from the multitude of many voices? If I was in the army, I should wish to enter the battle with "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," and close it with the grand strains of the "Old Hundredth." Just think of the effect! With what a will would our New England troops have joined in the familiar melody, at Roanoke, Port Royal and Ship Island!

Another patriotic Concert next week! The BOSTON MOZART CLUB give an Orchestral Concert on Thursday evening, at the Melodeon, in aid of the Sanitary Commission. ZERRAHN will conduct, and the Amateur Orchestra will play Mozart's Symphony in D, a Concert Overture by Kalliwoda, the Scherzo (Minuet and Trio) from Mozart's Eb Symphony, Schubert's Serenade (arranged), Beethoven's "Turkish March," a Schubert song transcribed with horn obbligato, and the *Zauberflöte* overture. A programme worthy of so good an object!

The ORCHESTRAL UNION will play next Wednesday Afternoon Mendelssohn's "Indian Symphony."

Owing to the illness of Mr. Kreissmann the Concert of the Orpheus Society, advertised to take place this evening, is postponed till further notice.

We are requested to state that the Orchestral Union will continue their Concerts three or four weeks longer, and due notice will be given of the last concert.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will give a performance of Haydn's "Creation,"—a work which they all thoroughly know at all events. Mr. ZERRAHN will conduct, and the solos will be sung by Miss LIZZIE CHAPMAN, Miss GILSON, Mr. G. W. HAZLEWOOD, (a tenor much admired in Philadelphia), and Mr. W. M. WHITNEY.

Unfortunately the absence of Mme. VARIAN, who was to have taken part, postpones to next week the execution of the patriotic project thus announced in Wednesday's Transcript:

MUSICAL CELEBRATION OF A MEMORABLE ANNIVERSARY.—An informal meeting was held last evening at the "Studio Building" to make arrangements for a Promenade Concert on Saturday evening, in commemoration of that memorable day (the 19th of April) and in aid of the funds of the New England Sanitary Commission. A few brief and earnest resolutions were passed, commending the enterprise to the generous patronage of the public, appointing a Committee of Arrangements of 150 persons, taken from the citizens of Boston and the adjacent cities, and invoking the co-operation of the Mayor of those cities. It was unanimously resolved that Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis should be respectfully urged to act as Lady Patroness of the enterprise. A letter was read from Dr. S. G. Howe, regretting his inability to be present at the meeting, cordially welcoming the movement, and eloquently urging the claims of the object and its present needs. It was announced that several well known societies and individual artists were either engaged or had volunteered their services for the occasion, and the Music Hall having been secured, the meeting adjourned. Tickets at the usual places.

We have before us the programme of a Soirée Musicale to be given next Wednesday evening at the Pianoforte Rooms of Messrs. Haller and Cammiston. The performers will have the interest of novelty, being as yet little known in the concert room. Miss ADDIE RYAN, a pupil of Sir. Bendelari, will sing the "Tell" Romanza and other pieces. Mr.

HERMANN DAUM, a pianist of artistic feeling and an esteemed teacher, will play Beethoven's C minor Trio, with Messrs. ERNEST and CHAS. VERRON, who will also perform a Duet by Mozart, for violin and cello. Mr. C. J. DONN will play the guitar part in a Trio with those brothers, as well as a solo; and Mr. L. W. H. ISKNECK is to appear as pianist, solo, and in a Trio by Hatten with the brothers Verron.

Mr. B. J. LANG has fixed upon Saturday evening, May, 3, for the first bringing out of Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" in the Boston Music Hall. He is now zealously engaged in training the chorus, 150 strong, picked voices; and he will give it with the full orchestral accompaniments. It should be the musical event of the present spring.

Operatic Overtures.

A London journal reports a couple of interesting historical lectures on this subject, as follows:

MR. HENRY LINCOLN'S LECTURES.—Mr. Henry John Lincoln delivered the first of two lectures at the Marylebone Institution, on Operatic Overture, before an audience who appeared thoroughly gratified by his treatment of the subject. The musical illustrations were played by the lecturer and Mr. Adolphi Ries, on two grand pianofortes; commencing with Lulli (or Lully), who, although the father of French dramatic music, was a Florentine by birth, beginning his career as a scullion, and ending it as secretary to the King (Louis XIV.). The overture to *Phœbus* was given as the earliest example. To this succeeded Handel's *Rinaldo*, an opera originally produced in 1711. Reverting to the French school, the next instance was *Le Temple de la Gloire* of Rameau (1745) who at fifty years of age produced his first opera *Hippolyte et Aricie*, to which succeeded many others, amongst which *Castor and Pollux* was represented one hundred times. Here again was the divine art daily honored by royalty, letters of nobility and the title of Chevalier de Saint Michael, being granted to the fortunate composer—for whom by the way the French claim the discovery of the *brève fondamentale*, although it was known long before Rameau entered on the subject. Till the advent of Gluck, the overture appears comparatively uninteresting, and devoid of dramatic truth. Such was the fame of the Bohemian musician, that he was engaged as composer to the King's Theatre, where his *Caduta dei Giganti* first introduced him to the British public. The turning point from the constructive to the ideal being achieved, Mozart is next introduced, and the overtures to *Figaro* and *Die Zauberflöte* adduced to illustrate his mastery of that, as he was indeed, of every other form of composition. The lecturer observed, that, although the last of them dated some three quarters of a century back, Mozart's works were stamped with that freshness that they might have been written last week,—and so they might, but, unfortunately, neither last nor next week, have we any Mozart again to delight his own age, and posterity to boot. Coming to the close of the last century, Mehul is next presented, *La Ecluse du jeune Henri*, exemplifying the composer who founded the French school, of which Auber is the latest and best representative. Cherubini was to France what Handel was to England, stamping his mode upon the music of his adopted country, and the overture to *Amorcan* was next introduced as a specimen of his powers. Beethoven's *Leonora* overture, on which it would be idle to dilate, bringing to a conclusion a very interesting lecture.

The second lecture was given on Thursday evening. So favorable had been the impression produced on the first, that, notwithstanding the excessive inclemency of the weather, there was an audience even more numerous than on the previous night. In his former lecture, it will be remembered, Mr. Lincoln traced the progress of the operatic overture, from the first essays of the Italian composers of the seventeenth century to the labors of Lulli in France, who first gave to these preludes interest and importance; and then followed the successive steps of this progress through the dramatic works of Gluck, Mozart, Mehul, Cherubini, and Beethoven, with whose overture to *Leonora*, performed as an illustration, the lecture ended. On Thursday night Mr. Lincoln, starting from this point, brought forward another overture of Beethoven—that which he wrote for the same opera when it was revived in 1814 under its present title of *Fidelio*. This overture is not so grand and elaborate as its precursor, from which, too, it differs in spirit as well as in style, having reference to the brighter rather than the more gloomy features of the drama. It shows, moreover, Beethoven's emancipation from the conventional forms established by Mozart. Admirably played by Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Ries, it was exceedingly effective, and was warmly applauded. The

lecturer then proceeded to Weber, the peculiarities of whose genius he analyzed with great happiness of thought and language, characterizing him as the greatest of all dramatic composers in the romantic style. One of Weber's peculiarities, the local coloring which he introduced into his works, Mr. Lincoln illustrated by means of his charming overture to *Preziosa*. The drama being a tale of gypsy life in Spain, the overture, with its Spanish bolero and original gypsy melodies, is in beautiful harmony with its subject. Weber's peculiarities were further developed in the *Freischütz*. In the overture to that opera he showed his wonderful skill in introducing the most striking passages of the piece, and fusing them into a movement of the most perfect symmetry of form. Passing on to Weber's contemporary, Spohr, Mr. Lincoln pointed out the beauties and defects of that great artist—his exquisite feeling for form and proportion, the richness of his orchestral coloring, enflaming him to be called the Titian of Music, and on the other hand his excessive propensity to full and chromatic harmonies, and a certain mannerism which is apt to be fatiguing. Mr. Lincoln illustrated his remarks by the performance of the overture to *Jessonda*, Spohr's best opera. Turning then to the modern Italian composers, he noticed their general incapacity, from the defective nature of their studies, to produce solid and masterly instrumental music—excepting, however, from this censure the greatest among them, Rossini, to whose genius he did ample justice. As an illustration he gave Rossini's gorgeous overture to *Semirami*, which was so splendidly executed that it was followed by reiterated rounds of applause, evidently intended to express a desire for its repetition; and, judging from our own feeling, we think the audience were disappointed that their demonstration was not so interpreted. Turning, finally, to the modern French school, Mr. Lincoln discussed at some length, and in a very interesting manner, the merits of the present representatives of that school, Auber and Meyerbeer, giving as illustrations Auber's overtures to *Mosamelle* and the *Cheral de Bronze*, and Meyerbeer's overture to *Le Pardon de Ploermel*, called in this country *Dinorah*. With this the lecture concluded. Mr. Lincoln explained why he had not given any of the overtures of Haydn or Mendelssohn; those of the former belonging to operas which are now of no interest, and those of the latter not being operatic. He however, contemplated a course of lectures in which these great musicians would find their proper places.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA.—The Philharmonic Concert, March 13, had for its principal number Beethoven's C minor Symphony. The *Musik-Zeitung* complains that the first movement was taken too fast, and thinks the Adagio might have been treated with a finer feeling, but says the difficult *ritardando* passages in the third movement were eminently successful. (In these old musical cities, good orchestras and eminent conductors do not get mere praise, with never any variation or exception!). Other pieces were Gade's "Highland" overture (not much applauded); Mozart's piano Concerto in C minor, played "with his usual elegance" by Herr Epstein; Beethoven's "*Alperido*," sung by Fräulein Krauss.

At an extra concert of the Sing-Akademie, the first part consisted of single choruses: Mendelssohn's Morning Prayer, Grädel's "*Waldeszauber*," Cherubini's "Slumber-Song" from his "*Blanche of Provence*," &c. Part second consisted of Schumann's "*Pilgrimage of the Rose*."

Hellmesberger's last "Quartet Production" offered the following pieces: Mozart's Quartet in D minor; Schumann's D minor Trio (played by Herr Dachs); and Beethoven's Quintet in C. Half of the proceeds of the concert were given to Mozart's grand-niece, the only surviving member of the family, who lives in great poverty.

BERLIN.—Marie Wieck, the sister of Mme. Clara Schumann, won great applause at the third concert of Robert Radecke on the 14th February. She played the F minor Concerto of Chopin, and the Choral Fantasia of Beethoven. Her playing is said to be of the most genuinely feminine character, as contrasted with the manly, energetic accent of her sister. "In alternation with the orchestra she backs strength sometimes, but renders the softer elegiac passages with the neatness and fine coloring of a charming miniature. She was particularly successful in the Chopin Andante; but for the Finale we could have wished a bolder seizing of the poetic motives." A new tenor, Herr Ferenczy, from the theatre at Riga, was to appear at the royal opera house in "*William Tell*."—Verdi was here on his way back from St. Petersburg.

DRESDEN.—Alfred Jaell, the pianist, and Laub, the Berlin violinist, have given two concerts together in the Hotel de Saxe. In the fourth concert of the "Tonkünstler-verein," a Sonata (Op. 49) for piano and viola, by Anton Rubinstein, was performed and excited much interest. On Ash Wednesday Handel's "Alexander's Feast" was performed, with Mozart's accompaniments.

WIESBADEN.—A new opera by Ferdinand Hiller, "Die Catacombs," was performed for the first time on the 15th Feb., and with the most brilliant success. The composer was twice called out. The performance, under the direction of Capellmeister Hagen, was excellent. The Court were present.

London.

The fourth season of the MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON—famous for its concerts and its cheerful "conversations," and numbering nearly all the leading musical people among its fellows and associates—opened about the middle of March with a grand concert in St. James's Hall, with the following programme:

PART I.

Overture (The Tempest).....Mozart
Aria, "Dolce corde amato".....Mozart
Concerto in D minor—violin.....Joachim
Scene, "Hail, happy morn" (Robin Hood).....Macfarren
Overture, No. 1, (Leonora)—Op. 138 Posthumous.....Beethoven

PART II.

Symphony in A (Op. 90).....Mendelssohn
Duet, "Tanti strali".....Handel
Overture (Le Carnaval Romain).....Berlioz

From the extended notice in the *Musical World* we cull a few sentences:

The band, 86 in number, consisting, without exception, of performers of recognized ability, and directed by Mr. Alfred Mellon, is at the present moment (some valuable reinforcements in the stringed department having been made since last year) equal to any body of instrumental players in the world. Their obedience to the "baton" is like machinery; and, as happily the gentleman who holds it is anything rather than a mere mechanical conductor, his intelligence and sensibility being equal to his firmness, the result in the majority of instances is a combination of technical precision with energetic and appropriate expression.

The soloist—the "virtuoso," as the phrase is of the evening was Herr Joachim, who bids fair to become the "lion" of the musical season of 1862. This time the accomplished violinist came forward in the dual capacity of composer and performer. The "Hungarian concerto" (in D minor) has only once before been heard in England—in 1859, at the Philharmonic concerts. On that occasion, though Herr Joachim himself "held the fiddle," it was little understood, and at best achieved what is ordinarily termed a *succès d'estime*. On Wednesday night it met with a very different reception, and the rapturous applause that followed one of the most extraordinary performances in all probability ever listened to, was as much a tribute to the merits of the work as to the brilliant ability of the executant. The allegro—an extremely long movement, elaborately designed and ambitiously wrought out—into the recondite beauties of which only practised musicians would be likely to enter without hesitation, must be heard again to be thoroughly appreciated; but the romance and the finale *alla Zingara* at once made themselves clear to the intelligence of all present, the refined and exquisite melody of the first, the strongly marked character and never flagging vigor of the last, carrying with them, from end to end, a charm that was fairly irresistible. The concerto is aptly entitled *Concerto in the Hungarian style*, inasmuch as it is everywhere instinct with the sentiment of Hungarian melody, which the composer has happily caught, and idealized in a genuine spirit of poetry. While every phrase is as new as the plan and its development are original, the feeling of Hungarian tune—a conspicuous element of which is that species of wild melancholy which poets and minstrels time out of mind have attributed to the popular songs and melodies of oppressed nations—is kept uppermost from the beginning to the end with remarkable felicity. In short, the whole piece is as interesting as it is masterly, and as genial as it is both. Herr Joachim's execution of his own music stands in no need of laudatory epithets; but a word of unqualified praise must in justice be awarded to the members of the orchestra, and Mr. Alfred Mellon, their conduc-

tor, for the uniformly correct and admirable manner in which they accompanied a concerto of such unparalleled difficulty. The ultimate popularity of a work like this is a problem only to be solved by an uninterrupted series of "Joachims;" for any average player to attempt it would be simply ridiculous.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The very fine performance of *Israel in Egypt*, which took place on Friday se'ennight in Exeter Hall was a foretaste of what the lovers of Handel's music are entitled expect at the forthcoming Handel Festival. The extraordinary improvement observable in the choruses must in some measure be attributed to those careful "practices" of the so-styled "London contingent" which since 1847, have been held at various intervals.

Israel in Egypt has from the first been a pet oratorio with the Sacred Harmonic Society; and it affords us sincere pleasure to note the gradual advance which, season after season, is effected by the members in the execution of its varied and astonishing choruses. The improvement of late years has been, not so much "slow and sure," as quick and sure. Obstacle after obstacle has vanished, until the most recondite and ineffable beauties of the music became clearer and clearer to ordinary apprehensions. At present the stumbling blocks in the way of a thoroughly efficient choral performance are "few and far between." "They loathed to drink of the river," "He spake the word," "He sent a thick darkness," "He smote all the first-born," "And with the blast of Thy nostrils," &c., have, one by one, been vanquished, and their difficulties for the most part smoothed away. It was a treat at the last performance to hear these elaborate choruses going off, with very rare exceptions, as smoothly and at the same time as vigorously as "He gave them hailstones," "The horse and his rider," and other familiar pieces. The intonation of the singers in that formerly most perplexing of choral recitatives, "He sent a thick darkness," exhibited scarcely a single instance of unsteadiness or hesitation; and when the critical unison, "A darkness which might be felt," attained its impressive climax, the choir was found exactly in the same "pitch" as the organ and orchestra, an achievement which in the good old times would literally have been cried up as "a miracle." "The people shall hear," the longest and most intricate chorus in the oratorio, the most remarkable for its modulations and progressions of harmony (which seem to anticipate almost all the inventions of more recent art), has still to be worked up to the desired ideal, more particularly in the episode "Shall melt away," introduced by the solemn phrase, "All the inhabitants of Canaan," and in what may be styled the coda, beginning at the wonderfully developed passage "Till thy people pass over, O Lord." But where so much has been accomplished there can be no such thing as "stopping short."

The solo vocal parts were adequately sustained. Miss Parepa was admirable in the principal soprano music, and—to say nothing of the air "Thou didst blow" (with its quaint and curious "ground-bass"), or of the duet "The Lord is my strength" (in which she was most efficiently supported by that young and very rising singer, Miss Banks)—delivered the recitatives of Miriam with really splendid energy. The two contralto airs—"Their land brought forth frogs" and "Thou shalt bring them in,"—were sung by Mad. Sainton-Dolby—to whom the music of Handel, in all its many phases, seems a natural language—in a manner wholly beyond reproach; Signor Belletti and Mr. Lewis Thomas declaimed the vigorous duet, "The Lord is a man of war," with exemplary energy (obtaining the "encore" never withheld from this extremely effective piece); and Mr. Montem Smith gave the whole of the tenor music—including the trying air, "The enemy said, 'I will pursue'"—so carefully and with such artistic correctness as to win unreserved commendation.

Handel's *Solomon* is announced for the next concert (April 4). Some of the choruses in this oratorio, to be performed on the second day of the Handel Festival, were rehearsed at the practice of the 1,600 members of the "Handel Festival Choir," in Exeter Hall, yesterday evening.—*Mus. World*

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The programme for March 17th included two Quartets: Beethoven's Op. 130, in A minor, and Mendelssohn's Op. 44, in E b—both played by Joachim, Ries, Webb and Patti—the first and last named gentlemen being the first violinist and first "cellist in Europe; Dussek's "Plus Ultra" Sonata, played by Arabella Goddard; and Mozart's Sonata Duo in A, played by Miss Goddard and Joachim. Also vocal pieces, sung by Miss Martin and Mr. Weiss, "the best of our English basses."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Echo Song. Jules Benedict 55

This Song is perhaps not so well adapted for the Concert room as some others of the same name, with which the public has become familiar, but it is an exquisite Parlor Song, original in its conception and full of pleasing traits. It lies well for a medium voice.

There's music in my heart. Robert Bell 25

Melodious and simple.

Are they meant but to deceive. A. Reichardt 25

A ballad in Maxurka time, evidently written for Concert use. It is so strikingly pretty that it will nowhere fail of a good reception. Although not difficult of execution, it wants ease and finish in its delivery to render it effective.

Charming Sue. Song and Chorus. Chas. Sloman 25

A light trifle; one of the successful Songs of the Christy's in London.

God save the grand old stars and stripes.

Mrs. S. C. Knight 25

A fine composition for Solo Quartet and Chorus, which was sung last Sunday in many churches in this vicinity. It is grand and solemn, and nothing better could be chosen on similar occasions.

Instrumental Music.

The voice of Liberty. Grand March. Eben Wood 25

Brilliant and effective, yet not difficult.

West End Polka. (Illustrated.) C. D'Albert 50

A good stirring Polka, which takes its name from the aristocratic and fashionable quarter of London. The colored vignette represents a young lady in full dress entering her carriage to drive to a ball. Carriage, footmen, servants &c., are done to life.

Home, sweet home. Transcription. C. Voss 35

Easier than Voss' arrangements generally are. This piece can be given to scholars of a year's practice.

The Battle of Winchester. Chas. Grobe. 25

A musical memorial of this brilliant victory of the Union arms. The main incidents of the fight are related in connection with the music.

Dreams of Childhood Waltzes.

W. H. Montgomery. 30

These Waltzes are much played in England, both by bands and amateur Pianists. They are fluently written, have good melodies and do excellent service in the ball-room.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DE CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the piano.) Handsomely bound in cloth. 3.00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. How this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produces in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

